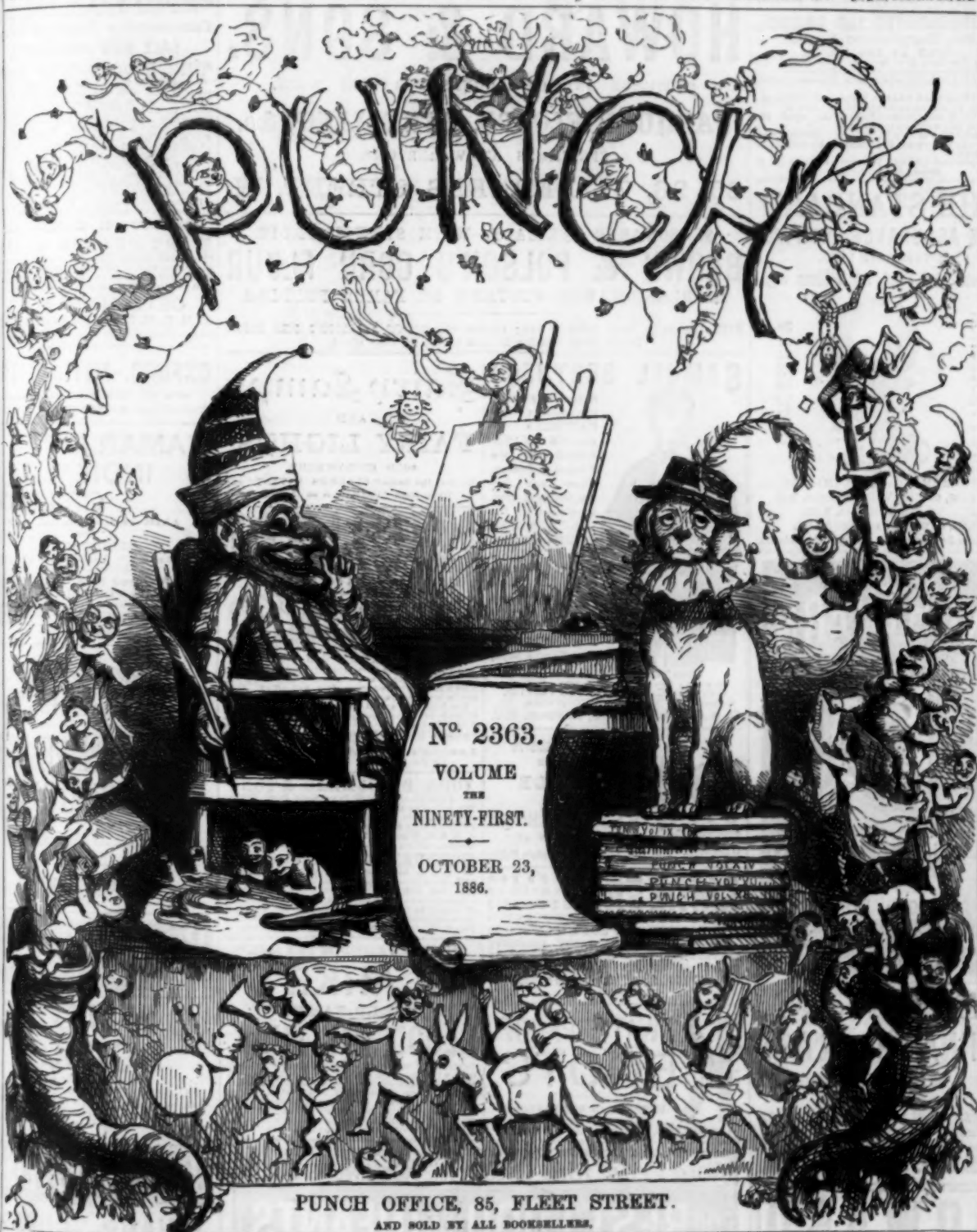


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ETON FOOTBALL.

(By Dumb Crambo Junior.)



Mixed Wall "Game."



Four Shies to Love.

The "demons" took part in the game.—*News-papers Report.*

Furking out the Bawl from the Bullies.

A CURE FOR GAIETY.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

FEELING that my recent visit to the Exhibition of the Photographic Society of Great Britain had caused nervous exhaustion from over excitement, I consulted my Doctor, who ordered me what I may term a "travelling sedative."

"My dear Sir," he said, after feeling my pulse, "there is no doubt that you have been living too fast, and that the proper thing to do is to look in at the Fine Arts Exhibition at Folkestone for an hour or so. If you do not feel immediate relief, I would advise crossing over to Boulogne on a particularly rough day, and staying for a short time in that favourite watering-place out of the season."

Thanking my medical adviser for his kindness, I hurried off to Folkestone, leaving London at eight in the morning (thus, at my very door, commencing his treatment, as the anxiety of procuring a cab at so early an hour, was in itself in the spirit of his prescription) and was soon in the temporary home of the Fine Arts. I was doomed to disappointment. So far from finding the display calming to my nerves, I became deeply interested in the many beautiful objects, and renewed, nay, increased the excitement I experienced in Pall Mall East.

So tearing myself away from the Folkestone Exhibition, with its thousands of treasures, I betook myself to the Lees, and to my great satisfaction discovered that the weather forecast "squally—in places a gale" was amply justified, by the condition of the ocean. The sea was dashing over the end of the pier, and the fishermen's smacks were dancing about in the most eccentric fashion. In a word those who desired to cross the Channel, were sure to have what is known as a very "dusty passage." Delighted at this pleasant prospect, I went down to the sea-shore, and was soon on board that excellent steamer the *Louise Dagmar*.

Nothing could have been better than what followed. The boat rolled and plunged, and soon nearly everyone of the crew, after lending his waterproofs, was busily engaged in attending to that peculiar requirement of the passengers, usually supposed to be the exclusive care of the steward. But I am sorry to say, that by the mistaken kindness of an official before starting, I had been placed in a chair in such an advantageous position, that I did not, in spite of being a bad sailor, feel the motion of the vessel sufficiently, and therefore reached Boulogne in fairly good spirits. Knowing how important it was to me to encourage a calming melancholy, I envied the fate of a jaunty gentleman in a felt helmet, who had come on board with a demeanour suggestive of utter indifference to the condition of the elements. When I first saw him he was holding two hard captain's biscuits in one hand, and a glass of stout in the other, evidently believing that in these simple articles of food he possessed an infallible remedy for sea-sickness. Ten minutes later I again looked at him, and noticed that he had dropped the biscuits on the deck, had relinquished the glass, and was gazing in a stony manner at a sailor who was bending over him full of tip-suggesting sympathy. Later still I saw a person with an orange-coloured face with chocolate eye-balls, stretched at full length near a broken chair. At first I did not recognise the distorted features of this poor wretch, although they seemed familiar to me, however, when, at the invitation of the Steward, the unhappy sufferer commenced searching for his ticket

feebly under the shapeless mass of a crushed felt helmet, I felt sure that I was looking on all that remained of the jaunty passenger who had been so full of hope and confidence in biscuits and stout a long, a very long, two hours before.

On landing, we found the train from Paris was standing beside the quay, and it was interesting to note how eagerly the passengers bound for Folkestone scanned our expressive countenances. As the gentleman with the saffron face, chocolate-coloured eye-balls, and crushed felt hat appeared from the gangway, a thrill of horror ran like a wave along the expectant *voyageurs*.

Once arrived in my capital hotel (with a name similar to that of one of the most celebrated of Parisian hosteleries) in the Rue Victor Hugo, I was met with the most cheering intelligence. The bathing had ceased, the theatre had not yet opened, and the Casino was deserted. "There was nothing doing, and not a soul in the place." This was scarcely an exaggeration. I went to the old *Etablissement*, where "The last Grand Concert of the Season" was announced. I entered. All that remained of the *Cercle* and the "little horses" was the negro page; the "Exhibition of Pictures" was about to be removed to supply the prizes for the "Tombola"; and the Orchestra (the makers of the "Grand Concert") were gathered together in a small room, playing (a dozen strong) to three spectators!

I walked through the deserted streets, finding house after house "A louer," and ended my promenade by approaching one of the most "lively" of hotels, bearing an *affiche* announcing that it was immediately to be sold by auction.

For three days it rained hard, and on the fourth I felt that the over-excitement caused by my visit to the Photographic Exhibition had all but vanished. Boulogne at this moment may be safely recommended to those who are in search of inspiration for an epic poem in two thousand cantos, or a tragedy in nineteen Acts. The shops are full of last year's bonnets: the streets contain only ancient residents, suggestive of the days when the place was a refuge for the poor or the proscribed; the hotels are absolutely empty.

To complete my cure, I left by the steamer for Folkestone, feeling delighted at being able to exchange for the unutterable sadness of a deserted French watering-place the wild adventures of a "dusty passage" across the Channel, with a long railway journey to follow.

The voyage was all, nay even more, that I could have desired. I spent the greater part of two hours and a half in being unexpectedly thrown from one side of the *Louise Dagmar* to the other. I was accompanied on these impromptu little expeditions by a bride and bridegroom, an aged archdeacon, and a portly French gentleman who was crossing the Channel for the first time.

In conclusion, I cannot help making the following suggestion. The Emperor of RUSSIA is said at this moment to be "eccentric," to talk fiercely to himself, and to wander about his palaces in a savage mood at night. If he could only be kidnapped, like the ex-Prince of BULGARIA, and taken to Boulogne, I feel sure that he would be soothed into the most settled melancholy in half a dozen hours. At least I know that I was.

I still remain, Your obedient Servant,

A PERAMBULATING PLEASURE-SEEKER.

BEERS AND "SKITTLES."

THAT a painter who possesses the power shown in such pictures as "The Death of Jacob Van Maerlant" and "A People's Gratitude" (The Death of JACQUES VAN ARTEVELDE), should stoop to play "such fantastic tricks" as JAN VAN BEERS again revels in at the Salon Parisien, seems more than a little pitiful. Popinjay Art is plentiful enough. It is the trick whereby mediocrity antics itself into a sort of notoriety, and cynical cleverness indolently plays the fool with an easily-humbugged public. It is probably calculated—perhaps with some reason—that these stagey tricks, and lime-light effects, and dismal draperies, and bogey surprises, and peep-show horrors will perplex people into a foolish wonder, if not into an impossible enjoyment or an honest approval. Maybe that is all which is aimed at? But what an aim for anything calling itself Art!

Posturing Pierrots and smirking skeletons, goggling sphinxes and giggling cooties, cadaverous surprises and ensanguined startlers, all the parade of nightmare and nastiness, pall upon the mind, as the phantasmagoric effects and sickly scents do upon the senses, of the visitors to the Salon Parisien. Whim and fantasy are all very delightful in their way. But this is not Wonderland, it is the world of drunken delirium and the Witches' Sabbath. A girl with emerald face, purple hair, and vivid vermilion lips, peeping between amber *portières*, is an inoffensive though purposeless, and not very interesting *bizarrie*. But such gratuitous ghastlinesses as "Will o' the Wisp," "Felo de se," "Vive la Mort!" and particularly the offensively named "Ecce Homo," are simply revolting horrors. Somebody has hazarded the statement that they are Edgar-Poe-ish. Pooh! POE was creepy sometimes, but he was an artist, an idealist, subordinating even occasional horror to the beautiful in his daring dreams. No, Mr. J. V. B., Art, like life, is not all BEERS and "Skittles."

PUCK'S PEREGRINATIONS.

(Adapted from "A Midsummer Night's Dream.")



"UP AND DOWN, UP AND DOWN, I WILL LEAD THEM UP AND DOWN.
THOSE THINGS DO BEST PLEASE ME THAT BEFALL PREPOSTEROUSLY."

SCENE—Nowhere in particular. Enter PUNCHIUS on one side, and PUCK on the other.

Punchius. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and tricky sprite
Called—Mr. SPENCER, say. Are you not he
That puts the Correspondents "all-aglee,"

(As might be said by Mr. ROBERT BURNS)
And plays the Specials all sorts of ill turns'
Shifting as though you had old 'PROTEUS'
charm. [harm?]
Misleading them, and laughing at their
Those that do call you the political Puck,
You fog their wits and put them out of luck.
Are you not he, sweet imp?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright,
I am that merry wanderer day and night.
The jest is excellent, it makes me smile.
When the quill-driving quidnuncs I beguile,
I lure them on and leave them in the hole.
By Jove how I confound the gossip's soul!
He pictures me with BISMARCK hob-a-nob,
Or with astute KALNOGY "on the job."

Or greeting TISZA with a hearty "hail!"
 Then I skedaddle and upset his tale.
 For fifty travellers he mistaketh me;
 At Dreden I turn up, down topples he.
 And "Hang it!" cries, whilst critics grin
 and chaff, [laugh,
 And all his readers hold their hips and
 And pass it as a mirthful "wheeze," and
 swear, [to wear.
 That Bottom's now! the scribblers ought
 Such larks! I'll put a girdle round the earth
 In forty days, and so fill up with mirth
 The dull recess. I'll lead the dolts a round
 Through Central Europe to their heart's
 desire;
 They will not track or spot me I'll be bound,
 Puck can the sharpest Special fog and tire.
 My whereabouts and purpose they would
 learn,
 But faith, I'll baffle them at every turn.
 Up and down, up and down,
 I will lead them up and down:
 On through many a foreign town,
 I will lead them up and down:
 British Public, listen, mark!
 Is not this a jolly lark?
 They'll go daft ere I have done,
 Fogging fools is splendid fun;
 And those things do best please me,
 That befall preposterously.] [Exit.

ILLUSTRATION OF "DRY HUMOUR:"—
 SIR WILFRED LAWSON'S.

THE MAYOR OF LONDON TOWN.

(With Mr. Punch's Apologies to the "Lady
 of Shalott.")

On either side the River lie
 Long streets whose tenants always try,
 As soon as Lord Mayor's day is nigh,
 To see the gilded coach go by

Of him who wears the Civic Crown.
 And everywhere the People swarms,
 Gazing where the men-at-arms
 Guard from popular alarms

The Mayor of London Town.

The Mayor himself doth take delight
 To think of that November sight,
 The crowds, and flags, and helmets bright,
 That shall be his by ancient right,—

Especially the great renown;
 On turtle and champagne he's fed,—
 It's useful practice for the head;—
 "I am half sick of turtle," said

The Mayor of London Town.

Meanwhile, outside, a Democrat,
 A "Social" one, he waved his hat,
 And told his trusty followers that
 Here was the chance they wanted, pat.

To "Cook the Tyrants very brown.
 When through the streets the Sheriffs bold
 Are borne with trappings manifold,
 We'll be there too!"—he up and told

The Mayor of London Town.

He left his lunch, a turtle treat,
 The Lord Mayor did, he left his seat,
 He peeped out on the public street,
 And there what should his optics greet

But HYNDMAN's democratic frown?
 Down-stairs at race-horse speed he hid;
 Fled were his dreams of coming pride;
 "The curse is come upon me," cried

The Mayor of London Town.

Straight to the Tower Pier he flies,
 And there an empty shallop spies;
 Past wharves and stately argosies,
 Dead-pale beneath the lowering skies,
 Silently he floateth down.

But HYNDMAN smiled, and walked away;
 He said, "I thought that it would pay
 To raise a bogey to dismay
 The Mayor of London Town."



SURPLUSAGE.

Telegraph Clerk (reading over telegram). "TO MRS. GRABET, MARGATE.—HEAR—WITH
 —GRIEF—DEATH—OF—AUNT—JUDITH—WILL—IN—OUR—FAVOUR." TWO WORDS TOO MANY,
 SIR."

Mr. G. "EH! OH—EH!—UM—UM! OH, WELL, LOOK HERE!—CUT OUT 'WITH GRIEF'!"

"SMALL BY DEGREES AND BEAUTIFULLY LESS."

As the "Colinderies" draws to its close the Executive Council become more and more
 anxious to extend its benefits to the masses, already School-Board children and their friends
 have been admitted at a rate "within the reach of the poorest pockets," and now it is not
 improbable that the charge for admission will yet be further decreased. We append a tariff
 which, although no doubt in immediate contemplation, has not yet received the official sanction.
 When actually issued it will probably be ante-dated to April 1st.

Charges for Admission to the "Colinderies."—Professional persons, two for three half-
 pence. Superior ditto (including Medical Specialists, Popular Preachers, and Q.C.'s), twopence
 each. Publicans, Artists, and Pawnbrokers, ninepence the dozen. West End Tradesmen,
 five for a shilling. East End ditto, sixpence the gross. Soldiers, Sailors, and Marines, half-
 a-crown a thousand. Infant Schools and Reformatories, one penny the ton. And Foreign
 Royalties, (including Special Illuminations and sometimes a dinner) nothing.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Guest. "YOU'RE NOT TAKING ANY DINNER, MRS. MEREDITH!"

Hostess. "THANKS—I'VE HAD SOME OF EVERY DISH!"

Guest. "WELL—THAT'S NOT MUCH!"

A WELSHMAN'S WAR-SONG.

HEAR the song of GRIFFITH, hearken to the stave that GRIFFITH sang,
GRIFFITHS? No, not he—that Safe Man,—to the harp's melodious twang.

At the Eistedfodd Rhyfodyddelol, where a prize his verses gained,
Which he wrote against the Rector, for his tithes who had distrained.

Fiery was the face of GRIFFITH, like the fresh boiled lobster's mail;
"Ho!" he shouted, "to the Tithe-War, it is in Llangwmglech vale!"
GRIFFITH is a tenant-farmer, serious in his views and ways,
And he goes to Ebenezer, weekly; and his Pastor pays.

"March!" he cries, ye sons of MERLIN, "let us make an end of tithes,
Raised upon our stocks and produce, and our sickles and our scythes,
It is my abominations, Squire has made returns of rent,
Parson too must yield abatements, look you, twenty-five per cent.

"Though I don't deny the former when my balance-sheet is gain,
I detest to pay the latter, hard it goes against the grain.
Mr. MEREDITH I sit under, splendid preacher, deep divine;
But the Reverend M. B. MUGGERIDGE is no Minister of mine;

"Tithes were in my rent allowed for. 'Tis no matter. Get away!
Altogether from religious scruples I object to pay.
Qualms of conscience is my reason, why I lift my voice aloud.
England's Church be disestablished, England's Clergy disendowed!"

"In the clouds with us the spirits of our sires to battle rides,
There's CADWALLADER, CADWALLO, URIEN, many more besides.
OWEN GLENDOWER and MODRED, smites the titheowners with dread,
When they sing the magic song that makes Plinlimmon shake his head.

"Tithes is burdens, impositions, swindles, I'll no longer stand,
Cymry button up your trousers, till we've kicked them off the land.
Burst your bonds, and fling your fetters to the winds and to the gales.
Flout the skies with Freedom's banner; fight for little gallant Wales!"

THE BEST "QUOTATION" FOR A FOREIGN GOVERNMENT LOAN.—
"It may be for years, or it may be for ever!"

"WHAT OF THE NIGHT?"

(See Mr. Punch's Cartoon.)

WHAT of the Night? The shadows climb and lengthen,
The clouds swarm up like ravens to their feast,
No star of hope the Warder's heart to strengthen,
No hint of dawn suffusing the far East!
Winds sweep the waste with a low sound of wailing;
Below is darkness, and above what ray?
The fire of baleful stars, their lustre paling
Not yet, not yet before the glow of day.
No promise gleams of the long-coming light;
Aurora slumbers still. What of the Night?

What of the Night? How long the watch and weary!
Alert and armed the Warder gazes forth.
Dim all below, and all around is dreary,
A fiery portent blazes in the North.
No pole-star this, that o'er the billows beaming,
Guides the lost shipman o'er the watery waste:
A bale-fire rather, whose malignant gleaming
Calls up the hounds of war in hideous haste.
Their bay is on the air, a boding cry.
Will the dawn break, and the black shadows fly?

As some old Magian, from his tower out-peering,
The starry oracles of fate perused,
So stands the watchful Warder, wondering, fearing.
The signs conflict, the omens are confused.
There, where the Bear around the Pole is wheeling
In spreading bulk, the aspect bodeth ill.
What hidden mischiefs there await revealing,
To tax firm courage, test unshaken will?
None answers; and the silence doth enhance
The need of valour and of vigilance.

Darkness, and muttering thunders, and the shining
Of planets sinister the moment mark.
The starry oracles defy divining,
No eye may pierce the thick and threatening dark.
But the tired watcher may not shrink from facing
A dread alternative, a need abhorred,
Those high-raised ramparts resolutely pacing,
With eye unslumbering and unsheathed sword.
Shadows may fly before the coming light,
But, till the dawn shall break, What of the Night?

BURTON, HAIL!

So Sir RICHARD BURTON—the real Arabian Knight!—after over forty-four years of service—and *such* service!—contemplates retiring into private life. When one reads his record, almost as marvellous as one of the *Thousand and One Tales*, thinks of his perilous pilgrimages, his daring adventures, his travels in wild, turbulent, and malarious regions, his labours as soldier, explorer, polyglot linguist, and prolific writer, &c., &c., one wonders, not that at sixty-five he should seek relief from an unhealthy and unthankful post (as Consul at Trieste, where he has held on for over fourteen years), but that he has any health and strength left to make his well-earned retirement, as *Mr. Punch* trusts it will be, not only welcome but enjoyable and of long duration.

Promotion has not assiduously dogged the heels of Sir RICHARD as it does that of certain favoured servants of the Crown. If it had done so, even in proportion to his deserts, he would probably now have little to seek for or desire. As it is, the Public will assuredly say that he has earned his retirement, and something more—something considerably more. Rest should not be the *only* guerdon of long and dangerous toil in one's country's cause! Think of the snug pension a man may secure for condescending to sit for some months on a comfortable Woolpack! *Mr. Punch*, in the public interest, and with the public's certain approval, pleads for large and liberal dealing with the man who, among other notable feats too numerous to name here, made the marvellous pilgrimage to Mecca, explored the Lake Region of Central Africa, and was selected to go in search of poor Professor PALMER and his companions, murdered alas! by the Bedouins.

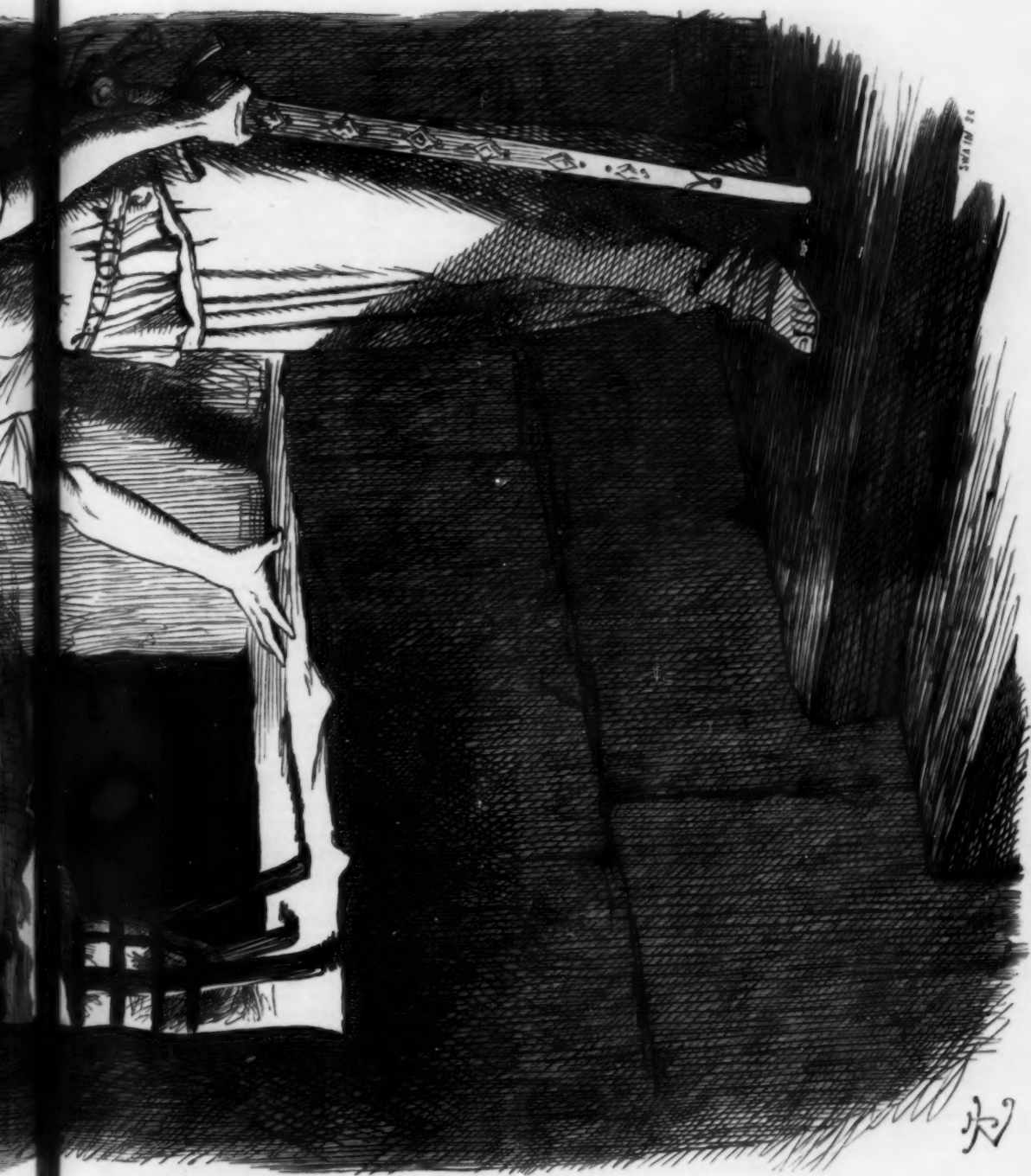
The usual official pension might satisfy the Circumlocution Office, to which probably a Consul is just a Consul, whether he be a Burton or—well, not a Burton. But it will not satisfy Sir RICHARD's admiring countrymen, who feel that he has claims upon all that the Fount of Honour and the Civil List can do to secure his future comfort and consideration.

NO "PUZZLE" FOR THE P.M.G.—How to obtain a private memorandum confidentially prepared for a Governmental Department.

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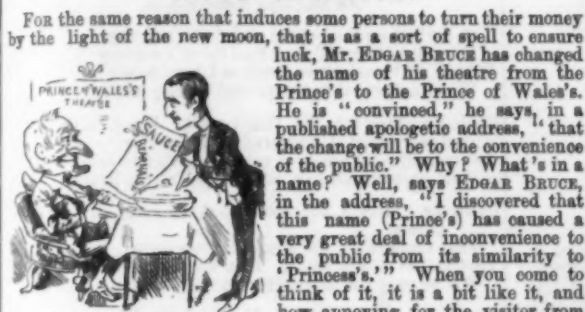
PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—OCTOBER 23, 1886.





“WHAT OF THE NIGHT?”

SAUCE BÉARNAISE!



"Highly Recommended."

expressly to enjoy Mr. EDGAR BRUCE's company, is taken off, willy-nilly, to hear the declamation of Mr. WILSON BARRETT. Was there any subtle agency at work which perverted the cabmen's minds, so that when somebody directed them to drive to the "Prince's," they at once insisted on taking them straight to the "Princess's"? Be this as it may, we may sing to a recently-popular air,—

The excuse of EDGAR BRUCE for taking a new address is,

Folks declare, to drive straight there a cabby could not be had.

When you said, the "Prince's," then they took you to the "Princess's,"

Which, though fun for WILSON B., was driving poor EDGAR mad.

And at the Prince of Wales's Mr. BRUCE has lately produced *La Béarnaise*, a Comic Opera,—it rains Comic Operas just now,—music by M. ANDRÉ MESSAGEUR, libretto by Mr. ALFRED MURRAY from the French of MM. LÉTERMIER and VANLOO. M. MARIUS is responsible for the stage management; and in spite of the conductor of the orchestra bearing the ominous name of SLAUGHTER, the music is not murdered, but, on the contrary, considering that the piece fell dead in Paris, Mr. SLAUGHTER seems to have put new life into it, and to have extracted as much melody from the work as it is capable of yielding. For, honestly, it is not a Goloonda of melody, though the music, on the whole, is sufficiently pleasing and bright to carry the action along to the end.

Two gems of the piece, the *berceuse* sung by Miss FLORENCE ST. JOHN, and the trio between Miss MARIE TEMPEST, Miss FLORENCE ST. JOHN, and Mr. SNAZELLE, are in the Second Act; but the best thing of all, which, for words, music, and comic acting, is worth the whole Opera put together, is the military duet and march in the last Act, between *Snazelle Perpignac* and *Jacquette St. John*, disguised as a full private. Her drill, her march forward to the footlights, her march backward from the footlights (this especially), are inimitable and irresistible.

The next best performance is Mr. HARCOURT's as the feeble *Duke*. Neither a new character to create, nor a difficult one to sustain, but very easy to overdo. His weakness is his strong point, but Mons. Le Régisseur MARIUS, *comme metteur en scène*, ought never, after the First Act, to have let this *Duke* appear on the stage without a chair, even if the chair were a *chaise à roulettes*, when its movements in the *Finale* of the Second Act, with the *Duke* in it, would have a novel and very comic effect. The *Duke* on his legs and taking part in the action, having to advance and retreat with the Chorus, after all his inanity and infirmity at the commencement, is a mistake.

The plot of *La Béarnaise* is not too whimsical for the purpose of Comic Opera, nor are the characters themselves unwarrantably extravagant, but, with the exception of those represented by Miss FLORENCE ST. JOHN, Miss TEMPEST, and Messrs. SNAZELLE and HARCOURT, they are played as if they were the *dramatis personæ* of a thorough *Opéra Bouffe*.

Mr. LONNEN's *Girafe* is something between the grotesque sprite and the stereotyped comic policeman of the pantomime, while Mr. DALLAS is the inevitable comic chamberlain, who, in the days of the old-fashioned extravaganza, invariably used to exit dancing with the King, and who, in the *Opéra Bouffe* era, now somewhat on the wane, has been revived with most of his ancient prerogatives. For it is to *Opéra Bouffe*, and not to Comic Opera, that these two characters, as now represented, really belong. But whose fault is this? Is it due to the original authors (certainly not, if, as I understand, it was

produced at the Bouffes), or to the English adapter, who styled it a "Comic Opera," or to the actors and the stage manager, or to the public? If the public will not be content without its GIRARDS, its pantomime and music-hall element in an entertainment which makes an attempt at being Comic Opera, then, as "those who live to please, must please to live," let all combine to give them what they demand: only don't call a grotesque extravaganza by the honoured name of "Comic Opera." The First Act is "no great shakes," except in respect to the aspen-leaf *Duke*, but in the

second there are the *trio*, *berceuse*, and *Finale*. After the duet in the Third Act, which I have already praised, some of us were congratulating ourselves on the absence of the irritating "topical song," for which the only proper place is the music-hall, when the comic pantomime policeman entered, and finding himself in possession of the stage, he, I regret to say, took advantage of the opportunity to indulge in a melancholy specimen of the kind of ditty just alluded to,—which most certainly does not belong to M. MESSAGEUR's Opera, nor does the very commonplace tune sound as if it were the work of the French Composer. Miss MARIE TEMPEST has a nice voice, and a merry face, but she has nothing much to sing, though for what she has, her vocalisation obtains an encore. The costumes are brilliant, and the scenery in the First and Third Acts, highly effective.

Mr. SNAZELLE is always heard to advantage; but he will be seen more to advantage when the others have made up their minds as to whether the piece is a comic opera or a *bouffe*. Mr. SNAZELLE's mind being disturbed by conflicting doubts on this subject, he is at one moment doing his part as well as his natural powers as a comedian will permit him, and then finding that Messrs. DALLAS and LONNEN, for example, are indulging in all sorts of extravagant drollery, it occurs to him to try a few eccentric waggeries on his own account, so as not to be quite out of it. Receiving no encouragement from his companions, he assumes an air of moody indifference, from which he is only roused by FLORENCE ST. JOHN in the military duet, when he wakes up again, and pretends to play Mr. Snazelle and Miss St. John. It's *Nasal* and Military. the drum and fife both at once, and march about as though he were really enjoying himself. But, *O Firenze la bella!* without thee, fair FLORENCE, and thy *sauce béarnaise*, this *pièce de résistance* would hardly be worth retaining in the bill of fare.

What's in a name as long as it succeeds? Did it fail at the Bouffes Parisiens because it wasn't *bouffe* enough? and is that why here they call it a comic opera and play it as a *bouffe*? Perhaps so. Only don't let us flatter ourselves that we are recording the success of a Comic Opera, that's all. Have something ready to produce directly the business drops, Mr. BRUCE, but, for the present, don't Be-arnaisy, says Yours, T. QUELL NIBBS.

ISAAC WALTON'S STATUE.—A handsome subscription will be raised before the statue is erected. An inscription is wanted for the pedestal. "Something about a rod" is generally proposed. Mr. Punch suggests—a simple line.



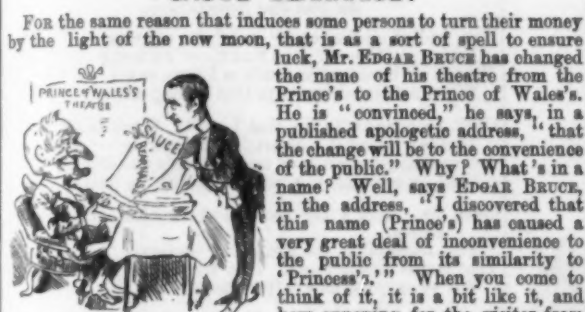
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"Quite a Flo' of melody."



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"NO FRINGE NEED APPLY."

(See daily advertisements for Housemaids.)

Jemima Hawn. "HO, HINDERED! THE HIMPERENCE! WHAT'LL MY YOUNG MAN SAY!"

"SOMEBODY'S LUGGAGE."

French Idea.—Plan of Egypt. Draft treaty for conceding Antwerp in exchange for desired equivalent. Proposal to give up New Hebrides on condition of France assisting in a joint insult to Russia. British gold for bribery.

German Idea.—Map of Bulgaria. Autograph letter of H.M. relating to restoration of Prince ALEXANDER of Battenberg. G.C.M.G., K.C.S.I., and G.C.B. for Prince BISMARCK. Proposal to surrender Cape Colonies on condition of Germany consenting to insult to Russia. British gold for bribery.

Italian Idea.—Map of Suez Canal. Autograph letter from the Marquis of SALISBURY to the POPE. Proposal to surrender Suakim in exchange for King of ITALY's consent to English occupation of Constantinople. British gold for bribery.

Turkish Idea.—Map of India. Box of decorations for the Sultan. Ditto for the Prime Minister. Ditto for the Sublime Porte. Ditto for all the Embassies. Proposed Loan (guaranteed by English Government and ROTHSCHILD) in exchange for SULTAN's support for objects in blank. British gold for bribery.

English Idea (after consideration).—BRADSHAW'S Continental Railway Guide. Portmanteau. Pot hat. Umbrella and just enough British gold (his own) to defray his travelling expenses.

"MAKING A (DOMESDAY) BOOK!"

On Monday the 25th of October Domesday Book is to be commemorated by "the Committee and those taking part in the proceedings" (as the commemorators are rather vaguely termed in the *Times*) visiting the Public Records Office, where they will assist at a lecture by "Mr. HUBERT HALL, F.R. Hist. Soc." Until the following Friday they will haunt Lincoln's Inn Hall, listening from time to time to an occasional harangue from gentlemen whose names are not particularly familiar to the public, until the celebration is brought to a triumphant conclusion by the reading of a paper on

THAT THERE PENNY!

An East End Remonstrance.

Yes, I filled up the paper: and down my way,
Like myself, you 'll soon find there's a many
Who 'll all have just as much as I have to say,
When not one of 'em pays that there penny.

Can't I manage it? No, that I can't. D'you think
That we've got it, but grudges the giving?—
Are spending too much on mere victuals and drink?
Well, step round, you, and see how we're living.

Come in. Here's the room that we rent. Them two
cheers,

That there table, the straw that we lie on,
That makes all our stock. If it's seized for arrears,
We've only the floor left to die on.

There's six mouths to feed! Ah! the job you might
shirk,

When all life seems but set for bad weather;
Your good man for seven long months out of work,
Bound to keep soul and body together.

A struggle, I tell you. When sickness comes too,
And you're worn with a busy day's charing,
To sit watching fever the lonesome night through,—
Well—the stoutest would find a bit wearing!

Our clothes? Well, there ain't very much left behind,
For we've pawned every rag that's worth selling.
You stare: but the world knows, I tell you you'll find,
Tougher work than the teaching of spelling!

So how do you think, with a home such as this,
We can pay for this 'ere Education
The price of a meal, when its barely we miss
Keeping out of the sheerest starvation?

There! worrit no more. I'd pay up, if I could;
But your fees,—you must go without any.
When we wants daily bread, it ain't any good
Saying you only wants "that there penny!"

ARTILLERY AND ARBITRATION. — The settlement of Bulgaria is a question of International Law; which, being defined, is Cannon Law.

"the Materials now available for re-editing the Domesday Book." As *Mr. Punch* fancies that the subject of the Lectures are not sufficiently local, he suggests a few more to assist in the compilation of the new volume:—

"On the Origin of Kensington, and when it ceased to be Brompton, Bayswater, Hammersmith, and Kensal Green."

"On the Line dividing Putney from Wimbledon, with the Views of the Local House Agents thereon."

"On Belgravia and Pimlico, their limits and 'ancient rights, tracing the rise of Grosvenor Place from Pimlico, and the development of St. George's Square into South Belgravia."

"On the Origin of Bedford Park, with some account of Turnham Green before it was merged with West Kensington."

"On the Disappearance of Notting Hill, and the loss of Bayswater."

When Lectures on these subjects have been prepared, *Mr. Punch* will be happy to suggest others of equal importance.

CONTEMPORARIES CORRECTED.—In the current number of the *Contemporary Review* an article, signed "ELIZABETH ROBSON PENNELL" [any relation to *Mr. Punch's* friend, author of *Puck on Pegasus*?] says, *à propos*, incidentally, of the decadence of Pantomime, which, it may have been noticed by the student of theatrical history, has always been decaying within the last ten decades, and is never a bit the worse for it, that "At Drury Lane last Christmas there was no Columbine." The learned Authoress is in error, there *was* a Columbine in the Drury Lane Pantomime last Christmas. By the way, it has been reported that, in consequence of the success of the *Run of Luck*, AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS will produce the Drury Lane Pantomime at Her Majesty's. Nice as a compliment to Her MAJESTY on the eve of her Jubilee Year,—but a mistake. Drury Lane without a Pantomime at Christmas! Forbid it, ye gods—in the gallery! But *Mr. Punch* has the authority of AUGUSTUS MAGNUS himself to state that it is not improbable he may take *A Run of Luck* to the Empire, where it will be most welcome.



A TROUBLED CONSCIENCE.

"MUMMY, I'VE GOT A WICKED THOUGHT!"

"WHAT IS IT, DARLING!"

"I USED TO THINK YOU WERE THE MOST LOVELY WOMAN IN THE WORLD—AND NOW I DON'T!"

KIND INQUIRIES.

THE order made, on the motion of Mr. THOROLD ROGERS, by the House of Commons for certain returns relating to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, does not appear to have been attended with very satisfactory results. This, no doubt, may be partly owing to the disinclination manifested at the Universities themselves, to furnish the information required, though at the same time it is quite obvious that the chief source of the failure has been the injudicious character of the questions put to the various Professors, Readers, and Lecturers, whose affairs formed the subject of the inquiry. Great vagueness too, seems to have attended the examination of the present position, and status of the "Married Fellows," to whose concerns the investigation in question was purposed to pay a special regard. In fact, to judge from the irritated and inconclusive nature of the replies to the examination paper drawn up to elicit information under this particular head, it can hardly be denied that that document must have been framed with a singular want of tact and judgment. Probably, however, a still further inquiry will be made, when a few direct and trenchant questions admitting only of simple and straightforward answers, will be put with far greater effect. A paper of inquiry for instance on the following lines could not by any possibility wound any prejudices, and as it would elicit the facts to be ascertained in a familiar and comprehensive fashion, it is confidently placed at the service of the Commissioners.

Have you ever filled the chair of the Bodmin Professor of Polytechnic Technology, and if so, state how many years it is since you have had a single attendant at any lecture.

If you have never given any lecture at all, mention some services that you have rendered the University as a set-off for drawing your salary, particularly stating whether they have taken the shape of a periodical visit to the Botanical Gardens, the contribution of a portion of a dictionary to a local publishing firm, or the sending of an occasional double acrostic to a Society journal.

Would you still continue to consider yourself entitled to the emolument attached to your Professorship if unable to discharge its duties owing to having—

(1) To attend to a large practice as a Chancery Barrister.

(2) To act as permanent Captain on one of the General Steam Navigation Company's Boulogne Steamboats.

(3) To work out a sentence of seven years' penal servitude?

Are you a "Married" Fellow? If so, state when and where the ceremony took place, give a list of your wedding-presents, particularly mentioning the number of paper-knives presented to you on the occasion, and describe, as well as you can from memory, the bridesmaids' dresses and the general appearance of the cake.

Have you any children? If so, say how many, furnishing their respective ages, and referring to such proclivities as they possess likely to influence the quiet, or the reverse, of College life.

If you have any boys, have they yet managed to get into the College fountain or hide in the Chapel reading-desk? If so, has that proceeding met with the sanction and approval of the Governing Body?

Have you ever been summoned away suddenly in the middle of a lecture to hold the baby? If so, state how often, and mention any extenuating circumstances that you can allege in each particular case in excuse of the proceeding.

Have you been met, if at Oxford, in the High Street, or at Cambridge at the College Backs, pushing about a double perambulator?

Is your mother-in-law a member of your family? and have you, on the strength of that arrangement, had to provide her with rooms "in College"?

If you pay an after-dinner visit to the common room, does she ask you what "low place" you have been to, and threaten to come with your wife, and wait for your coming out of Hall, if it happens again?

Do you consider the life of a "Married Fellow" one to be envied, and, on the whole, a happy one, or do you recall with regret the days when you were an engaged or even a single fellow?

Such are a few of the proposed leading questions, which, if answered in the same spirit in which they are asked, could not fail to give a practical turn to Mr. THOROLD ROGERS's inquiry that would be attended with the best results.

CONVIVIAL SENTIMENT FOR THE EAST LONDON WATER DRINKERS.
—No Eel Taps.

IDEAL AND REAL.

FANCY GERMAN PORTRAIT OF GENERAL SIR SMITH,
THE BRITISH SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR.THE REALITY—
W. H. SMITH, ESQ., WAR OFFICE.

TO M. LESSEPS.

At eighty-one,
When most have done
With work and take toddling steps,
He journeys afar,
To Panama,
The Brave Old Monsieur LESSEPS.

CONSOLATION STAKES FOR A RESTAURATION.—The Empire—not the one on which the sun never sets, but M. NICOLA'S Empire, on which the Licensing Justices sat last week—has been refused its licence as a Music Hall, in rivalry to the Pavilion and the Alhambra, by thirty-four votes to twenty-five. M. NICOLA, of the Regent Street Restaurant, had better take this re-buff *à la mode* pleasantly, as he ought to be satisfied with his *café complet*, and not hunger for an Imperial stake in Leicester Square. If, however, he intends keeping it on as a Theatre, let him open with some plays which will be quite in his line belonging to the period of "The Drama of the Restauration."

"QUEEN OF THE POOR."

"Touch me; that will relieve me." (Exclamation of a hopelessly and loathsome inmate of the "Œuvre de Calvaire" to the Queen of GREECE, affectionately known as "Queen of the Poor," who was visiting that beneficent institution, among many others of the great Charities of Paris, to the inspection of which she has devoted several days.)

'MIDST the Gay City, Queen of Art and Pleasure,
A Queen more royal yet by far, employs
Days she might well devote to golden leisure
In looking—not on light Lutetia's joys,
Its pomps, its pageantry, its winning graces;
She turns aside from these to search and see
The broken lives, the scarred and shame-stamped faces,
That fill its hidden haunts of Charity.
Hidden? Not from the eyes that mark more keenly
Than critic cold or pharisaic fool;
Nor from her sympathy whose soul right queenly
To sorrow, sin, and shame dares go to school.
"Touch me; that will relieve me!" Cynic mocking
At courtly charity stands silent here.
Soft-nurtured souls might find the ordeal shocking,
Might shrink with loathing, or might pale with fear.
She shrank, she paled perchance, a Queen though kindly,
Yet took the stricken Lazar's withered hand.
Men flatter slavishly, or curse half blindly,
The sceptred favourites of fortune bland;
But here 's a crown that hath no cruel glitter;
The stoutest democrat, the coarsest boor,
Need scarce assail with fervor bravely bitter
The royalist of names—"Queen of the Poor!"

LAW AND LOGIC.—A noble Lord, writing to a newspaper, repeats a statement which he made at the Church Congress, that in certain States of America the law permitted a man to marry his Wife's Daughter. This, he adds, "is the logical result, as pointed out some years ago by the late EARL RUSSELL, of any relaxation in the degrees of affinity prohibited by the law of England." Has it, then, resulted from Colonial relaxation of the English marriage-law? If not, isn't the logic of prejudice confuted by the logic of facts?

LAST Saturday a "par" in the *Standard*, speaking with parental authority, informed us that "A College for the training of Actors has just been founded at Berlin, in imitation of similar institutions at Paris, St. Petersburg, and Vienna." Mr. Punch says: "Friends of the Drama in England, please copy."

ANNUAL Exhibition at the Inner Temple this week—"The Chrysanthemummers." There ought to have been a theatrical entertainment every night in the Hall by "the Temple Chrysanthemummers."

MR. PUNCH AT LEEDS.

IN answer to loud calls for "ARTHUR! ARTHUR!" the Composer and Conductor, Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, deeply affected, gracefully



Not unlike, but twenty Julliens couldn't have composed "The Golden Legend."

"Offen," and "put his Bach into it." He has been the leading and conducting spirit of the Leeds Festival. Has he not surrounded himself with a strong company, of whom it is only necessary to mention Madame ALBANI, Madame PATEY, and Miss DAMIAN among the Ladies, to show its strength, and Mr. SANTLEY, Mr. LLOYD, and Mr. BARTON MCGUCKIN among the men of might?

STANFORD and MACKENZIE were among the Composers whose works were admirably performed, the latter having written his best in illustration of a libretto called *The Story of Sayid*, written by Mr. JOSEPH BENNETT, musical critic on the *Daily Telegraph*.—"JOSEPH B. is sly, devilish sly,"—and what more need be said about it? Finally, Sir ARTHUR, taking off his *Pinafore*, renouncing all association with *Pirates* and *Sorcerers*, and giving up a Golden Reality for a *Golden Legend*, has gone in for serious work of a high order, which of course will pay him infinitely better than his lighter and more popular compositions. It was ever thus. Mr. Punch trusts that it will not be long ere *The Golden Legend* is heard in London. The Northern city Leeds and London follows, but once again it may be asked, "Why should London wait?"

Really refreshing was the work of Mr. C. V. STANFORD—henceforth "Sea" V. STANFORD—who, remembering DIBDIN, has dipped into the briny, and come out again triumphantly nautical with *The Revenge*. Altogether, the Festival was a big success; and the Punchian proverb just now in the North is, "Leeds must when Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN conducts."

The Musical Critic on the *Times* finished his notice last Saturday with the following prize conundrum:—"If Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN does not know how to conduct pretty dance-music, what English Composer does?" Mr. P. gives it up. Is there any answer? None.

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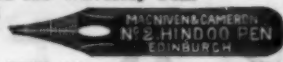
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